The too and fro conflicting winde and raine,
This night wherein the cub-drawne Beare would couch,
The Lyon, and the belly pinched Wolfe
Keepe their furre dry, vnbonneted he runnes,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him?

Gent. None but the foole, who labours to out-ieſt
His heart ſtrooke iniuries.

Kent. Sir I do know you,
And dare vpon the warrant of my Arte,
Commend a deare thing to you, there is diuiſion,
Although as yet the face of it be couer'd
With mutuall cunning, twixt *Albany* and *Cornwall*.
But true it is, from *France* there comes a power
Into this ſcatterd kingdom, who already wiſe in our negligence
Haue ſecret fee in ſome of our beſt Ports,
And are at point to ſhew their open banner,
Now to you, if on my credite you dare build ſo farre,
To make your ſpeed to *Douer*, you ſhall finde
Some that will thanke you, making iuſt report
Of how vnnaturall and bemadding ſorrow
The King hath cauſe to plaine;
I am a Gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from ſome knowledge and aſſurance,
Offer this Office to you.

Gent. I will talke farther with you.

Kent. No do not,
For confirmation that I much more
Then my outwall, open this purſe and take
What it containes, if you ſhall ſee *Cordelia*,
As doubt not but you ſhall, ſhew her this ring,
And ſhe will tell you who your fellow is,
That yet you do not know, fie on this ſtorme,
I will goe ſeeke the King.

Gent. Giue me your hand, haue you no more to ſay?

Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet,
That when we haue found the King,

Ile

Ile this way, you that, he th
On him, hollow the other.

Enter

Lear. Blow winde and c
You carterickes, and Hirca
The ſteeples, drownd the c
Thought executing fires, va
Oke-cleauing thunder-bo
And thou all ſhaking thun
The thicke rotundity of the
Mold, all Germains ſpill at
Ingratefull man.

Foole. O Nunckle, Court
Is better then this raine wa
Good Nunckle in, and aske
Here's a night pitties neyth

Lear. Rumble thy belly
Nor raine, winde, thunder,
I taske not you, you Eleme
I neuer gaue you kingdon
You owe me no ſubſcripti
Pleaſure, here I ſtand your
Deſpiſed old man, but yet
Miniſters, that haue with t
Your high engendered ba
As this, O tis foule.

Foole. He that has a hou
peece, the codpeece that
head and he ſhall lowſe,
makes his toe, what he his
ery woe, and turne his ſlee
faire woman, but ſhe mad

Lear. No, I will be the
I will ſay nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

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